Life's Key.

The hand that fashioned me tuned my ear
To the music of life's joy;
In the darkest moments of life I hear
Strains of courage, and hope, and cheer
Thrill through that I cannot see;
And the music of life seems so inspired
That it will not let me grow sad or tired.

Yet through and under the magic strain
I hear, with the passing of years,
The mournful minor's measures of paid—
Of souls that struggle and toil in vain
For a goal that never nears,
And the sorrowful cadence of good gone wrong
Drops more and more into earth's glad song.

And yet, in the dark of the night I wake,
And think of sorrowing lives;
And I long to comfort the hearts that ache,
To sweeten the cup that is bitter to take,
And to strengthen each soul that strives.
I long to cry to them: "Do not fear!
Help is coming and aid is near."

However desolate, weird, or strange
Life's monody sounds to you,
Before to-morrow the air may change,
And the Great Director of Music arrange
A new anime perfectly new;
And the dirge in minor may suddenly be
Turned into a jubilant song of glee.

How Johnny Lost the Prize.

His family and friends were there,
His uncles, cousins, aunts;
And all were sure that for the prize
Their Johnny had best chance.

"Pass Johnny's turn to speak his piece,"
He said, with outstretched hands;
"Under the spreading blacksmith tree
The village chestnut stands."

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER VI.

The De Mabillons met with a great deal of sympathy, notwithstanding that such losses as theirs were now everyday events. The Lemercierz were kindness itself; indeed, had it not been for madame's solicitude, Esperance would have fared badly. Gaspard's wound healed all too quickly, and by the middle of December he had rejoined his battalion, leaving Esperance to her woman's lot of anxious waiting. This added to her grief and loneliness, would soon have proved too much for her, had not Mme. Lemercier, on the very first day of Gaspard's absence, paid a visit to the *quatrieme etage*, her kind little eyes sparkling with satisfaction as she felt the brilliancy of her new idea.

Esperance was sitting in a disconsolate attitude, wrapped in a shawl, and knitting as fast as her benumbed fingers would allow. Madame's bright eyes grew dim for a moment; there was something inexpressibly sad in the look of silent suffering, on such a young face. She made haste to unfold her plan.

"You feel very cold here," she began, with a little shiver put in for effect, as in reality she was burning with excitement. "Without doubt, the higher in the house, the colder the rooms. Let me feel your hands, child. *Dame!* but you will die of cold if you remain here much longer."

"This is the worst day we have had," said Esperance, "and Javotte says there is no possibility of getting coal, or even coke; she has gone out now to try to obtain wood, but they say it is very dear."

"Yes, and what is worse than that, it is scarce," said madame, lowering her voice impressively; "if you get it to-day, you may not be able to do so to-morrow."

Mme. Lemercier was usually so very sanguine that Esperance was quite surprised to hear such gloomy forebodings. She soon saw through the little device, however. Madame, thinking she had beaten about the bush long enough, cleared her throat, smoothed her lace mittens, and began. "My dear Esperance, I came to make a proposal to you. Yes, lay aside your knitting, for it is a thing of importance—of importance, I repeat, for life is important even in a siege."

Esperance thought of Gaspard, and said, "Yes, madame."

"It is a change of life, then, that I come to contemplate," continued madame. "Below, in our little salon, there burns a fire of wood, a small fire. This morning, monsieur said to me, 'Antoinette, which do you prefer, a fire or a domestic? We can not keep both.' After a little consideration, I replied, 'I prefer to have warmth.' Thus you see dear, I am without a servant. What takes place then? I come to pay a visit to recount my troubles. What do I find? That you have a servant, but no fire; while I have a fire, but no servant."

Madame paused, out of breath. Esperance clapped her hands gayly.

"And you think we might unite our forces? Ah! but is it a good idea!"

"Really? You find it so? And your brother, will he approve?"

"Oh, yes, doubtless. He and Monsieur Lemercier can talk politics all the evening. Picture to yourself how they will argue!"

After a consultation with Javotte, the arrangement was finally settled, and Esperance was so happily excited by the change of quarters that the day passed by almost quickly.

Gaspard, returning in the evening, was thankful enough to find a fire awaiting him, and though the conversation turned entirely on the proposed sortie, Esperance could not find it in her heart to be quite unhappy, but resolved to enjoy the present while it was here, and for the future to hope.

The next few days were particularly trying; the sortie was several times arranged, and then put off in a way that taxed every one's patience sorely.

On the night of the 20th, however, Gaspard really was obliged to march, and Esperance was painfully reminded of the terrible parting before the last sortie. The recollection, however, was not without its comfort, for was not her father beyond the reach of all pain, and weariness, and hardship? She could not help being really thankful now, even though the desolation and loneliness was so hard to bear.

Mme. Lemercier devised all manner of distractions for her, a visit to the Ladies' Society for Working for the Sick and Wounded, a walk with monsieur, and new books to read. The news was not very cheering—severe fighting for eight hours, and little, if anything, gained. This was on the 21st.

On the evening of the next day every one felt dull and depressed; madame, her chair drawn close to the little fire could not suppress a heavy sigh every now and then though each time it escaped her she would give a little cough, hoping to deceive Esperance. Javotte—who, of course, had a share in the one fire—sat, rosary in hand, murmuring "Ave" for M. Gaspard. Esperance, looking very pale and anxious was reading Dumas' "Tulipe Noire" aloud, trying hard to seem interested in the adventures of Cornelius and Rosa, while she pictured her father to with the fairest and truest colors.

Corphus was in the very act of discovering "*la tulipe*," Cornelius in agony of grief, when Esperance suddenly stopped, and sprang to the door. Steps were slowly ascending the stairs, M. Lemercier's voice was heard making some uncomplimentary remark about Trochu—a hoarse voice answering. A minute more, and Gaspard dragged himself into the dimly lighted room, almost falling into the nearest chair, while M. Lemercier hastened to reassure Esperance.

"No, no, he is not wounded, my dear mademoiselle, only worn out with fatigue and the cold. Some hot brandy and water, Antoinette; we shall soon revive him, do not fear."

Esperance took the musket from the stiff, benumbed hands, and bent down to kiss her brother, starting back in horror to find his moustache quite frozen. He was just enough alive to be amused at her terror, and to whisper, hoarsely, that it would thaw very soon.

Mme. Lemercier and Javotte began to tend him with great delight; it was their first attempt at nursing, and between their care, the warmth, and the restoratives, Gaspard was soon relieved, and able to give some account of the sortie, which had been unsuccessful.

The intense cold was of long duration. It fell fearfully upon the National Guard, so much so, that as many as could possibly be spared, were sent back to Paris. Gaspard had taken a violent chill and was ill in bed, and Esperance while thankful to have him safe at home, was terribly distressed at the ghost-like forms of emaciated, horse-flesh, which, in his weak state, he found almost insufferable. She, for the first time, fully realized all the discomforts of the siege, and longed impatiently for an end to their privation and misery.

Christmas was not quite so sad as she had anticipated. To begin with, Gaspard was much better, and able to come down to the Lemerciers' salon, and madame was so bright and cheerful that it was impossible not to catch something of her humor.

Then, too, there was a great surprise. Javotte returned from her marketing with a beaming face; she had been standing in queue for hours, but what joy! she had brought home rations of beef, and a little butter, luxuries long unheard of.

Such good fortune did not come again, however. Food became more and more scarce, the thermometer still remained twelve degrees below zero, and there was no prospects of relief.

The *Jour de l'an* dawned gloomily, even Mme. Lemercier felt a little depressed, everything was so *triste*; no presents, no amusements, no gayeties of any description, but a gray sky, a mourning people, and distant firing.

M. Lemercier went to a political lecture at the republican club to which he belonged, Gaspard insisted on joining his battalion, Javotte went out to the market, and Esperance and madame were left to their own devices.

Esperance began to make a wreath of immortelles for her father's grave. Madame sat knitting for some time; at last she spoke—but hurriedly—as if she disliked her subject.

"Esperance, *mon ami*e, do you not think that our poor Javotte grows very thin?"

Esperance started.

"I told her so only the other day but she merely laughed, and said one did not expect to grow fat in a siege. Do you think she is ill, dear madame?"

"I have thought so for long, my poor child; but do not grieve, I may be mistaken. What makes me anxious is this: for the last two days I have kept watch with great care to see what she eats, and as far as I can tell only two small pieces of bread has she taken."

Esperance's eyes filled with tears.

"It must have been in order that Gaspard and I should have enough! My poor Javotte! how selfish I have been but even then it seemed so little."

While they were still talking of her, Javotte entered with her small marketing basket, which though light enough seemed to hang heavily on her arm. She was an ugly old woman, with a very yellow, wrinkled face, made still more conspicuous by her puse white cap and scarlet neckerchief; but there was something pathetic in her little black eyes, and in her odd, harsh voice as she said, "The rations are but small to-day, cherie, but they that at the Marche St. Germain there are some pretty little dogs and cats for sale."

Esperance could not help laughing.

"Yes, yes, I told you so, madame—*Boucherie canine et feline.*' I have seen it with my own eyes. Doubtless that is where my poor Minette went the other day, when we missed her! But Javotte! Javotte! what is it?" for Javotte had suddenly turned pale and would have fallen, had madame not guided her to a chair.

"Dear child, do not fear," faltered the old servant; "it is only the cold—I shall be warm soon."

Mme. Lemercier made her swallow some brandy, which revived her for a few minutes, but she soon sank again into a semi-conscious state, and though Esperance chafed the wrinkled old hands, she could get no warmth into them.

Madame began to be alarmed, and M. Lemercier coming in at that minute, was sent to fetch the doctor. They made a temporary bed close to the fire, and between them carried her to it, shocked to find what a light weight she was. Then madame prepared some hot gruel, while Esperance sat sorrowfully watching the inanimate form, full of sad forebodings.

At length the pale lips moved, and Esperance bent down to catch the faint words.

"*Mon enfant bien-aime*, who will go to the market for you when I am dead? You must not go out unprotected."

"Oh! my poor Javotte, do not speak so. You must not die, indeed you must not."

"Well, my pretty, I should like to live, I have prayed that I may live to the end of the siege, that I might take care of you; but I think it will not be, for I feel myself very tired."

"Dear, dear Javotte! you have done so much for us. See, madame brings you some gruel, I will feed you."

Javotte seemed throughly roused; her black eyes turned anxiously in the direction of the gruel.

"Madame has not used the good oatmeal for me? Ah, what a pity! it should have been for Monsieur Gaspard to-night; and such a large cup. No, no, I cannot drink it."

Even Mme. Lemercier could not restrain her tears. Esperance, with a bitter cry, threw herself down by the bedside.

"Oh! Javotte, Javotte! you have been starving yourself for our sake, and now it is too late!"

Before she had recovered herself, M. Lemercier returned with the doctor. But alas, there was nothing to be done, the poor old woman was evidently dying—cold, hunger, and her own self-denial had slowly but surely done their work.

Esperance waited for the end in heart-broken silence. At Javotte's request she brought the carved, black rosary, and placed it in the withered, nerveless fingers, while, with failing breath, the old woman murmured a prayer; then, with trembling fingers, she placed the beads round Esperance's neck.

"*Pour souvenir* of your poor Javotte," she whispered.

Madame thought she would not see a priest, and she sent faithfully, but before he arrived the soul of the faithful old servant had passed away. Her last look had been for Esperance. The poor child, full of grief and self-reproach, had bent down to kiss the cold brow, and had whispered, "Dear Javotte, you have given your life for us!" And Javotte had looked up with a beautiful smile, and said, "*Mon enfant bien-aime*, what would you then? I love you."

Then the smile had died away, and she had fallen asleep like a little child.

Javotte had seemed only an ignorant old peasant woman; all felt now that she was indeed a saint.

While they were still standing round the bed, the priest entered with his salutation of peace. Madame hastened to tell him what it was all over, and related poor Javotte's story; and Esperance felt a strange thrill at her heart as she heard him reply:

"And the king shall answer and say unto them, 'Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

CHAPTER VII.

The horrors of the bombardment of the city were now added to all the previous misery. Small-pox and famine had been carrying off hundreds and hundreds of the inhabitants; now a fresh agent of death made its appearance.

The first few days were full of terror to Mme. Lemercier and to Esperance. Numbers of shells had fallen in their immediate neighborhood, and they dreaded leaving the house. But this alarm wore off with the novelty, and very soon they went about as unconcernedly as if no danger existed.

Poor Esperance felt Javotte's death deeply. Almost unconsciously she had leaned upon the good old servant; and now that her father was dead, and Gaspard scarcely ever at home, she felt very lonely, and often in need of advice and help, which no one could give. Mme. Lemercier, good and kind as she was, could not fill the vacant place; here was a good-natured but weak character, wholly unfit for any sort of guidance, and Esperance needed a much stronger support.

The days passed by slowly and painfully. Once only, a ray of comfort came, and for a time the sinking spirits of the Parisians were raised. News was brought from the provinces by a carrier-pigeon, that Faidherbe had driven back the enemy in the Pas-de-Calais; that an unknown general at Nuits, with 10,000 men, had beaten the Prussians with 25,000; and that Garibaldi was at Dijon gathering recruits.

M. Lemercier was much elated at such an unexpected turn of fortune; and even Gaspard, who of late had been despondent, grew more cheerful, and his spirits were a better guage than M. Lemercier's, for he was exposed to far more danger and hardship.

Three months of real experience as a National Guard of the marching battalions, had taught Gaspard more about life than his whole previous education. The discipline had been severe, the hardship great, the failure and disappointment very trying, but they had all done their work, and under their influence Gaspard was greatly changed.

Esperance soon found this out, even in the short visits he paid her, and felt that he was growing far more like their father than she had ever ventured to hope. This knowledge, however, sweet as it was, served to make their partings far more painful, and she looked forward with dread to the next sortie, which all knew must soon be attempted.

One last effort was to be made; if that failed there would be no hope left for Paris. Even Esperance, in her grief, was roused to a more patriotic feeling than she had hitherto shown, and this helped to make the parting, on the night of the 18th of January, rather more bearable for was not this the "*sortie du desespoir?*" There was something grand, inspiring, in the very name.

The time passed by wearily to the anxious Parisians. Esperance thought no day in the whole siege had been quite so long and oppressive. M. Lemercier coming in about noon, reported that the movements of the troops had been much hindered by a fog, but that the battle was now at its height, the attempt being to force the Prussians lines between Montretout and La Marche.

(To be Continued.)

WEDDING WOMEN'S WAYS.

Two Great Heiresses Captured by Handsome Fellows.

The matrimonial news is that two great heiresses are engaged to be married to two masculine beauties. The young ladies are Miss Tessie Fair, daughter of the famous California millionaire, and Miss May Armour, daughter of the equally celebrated Chicago Croesus. The young men are New Yorkers, and much alike in being big, broad-shouldered athletic fellows, either of whom might serve as a model for a statue of Adonis. Herman Oelrichs is the choice of Miss Fair. He is wealthy himself, and for fifteen years, at least, has figured as a club man, a patron and participant in athletic sports, and latterly as a politician, having acted as chairman of the Democratic campaign committee. The coupling of Frank Ferguson and Miss Armour affords more facts that are interesting to publish. Ferguson is a handsomer chap than Oelrichs, being a six-footer, with a fine face and a complexion as clear as a girl's. He is about 35 years old. He came to this country from Scotland at the age of 20, and the Scotch accent is still perceptible in his speech. He went to work in this city as a shoemaker, but if the bench proved an uneasy seat for a young fellow of his ambition. Although he began to turn out his own fortune with a shoe knife, he soon changed the implement to a surgeon's scalpel. He got work in St. Luke's Hospital, one of the largest in the city, his duties being mixedly those of a janitor and a custodian of the anatomical department. He soon made himself valuable in the preparation and care of surgical specimens, and from that advanced to the department of dissection. He developed surprising skill with the scalpel, and five years ago was appointed chief dissector at St. Luke's. His ability in this specialty not long ago led him into serious difficulty. When Bishop, the mind reader, died at the hospital, Ferguson sawed off the top of his head, in order to supply his brain to the physicians before the requisite order had been given by a coroner. That was

A BREAKING OF THE LAW,

which forbids any post-mortem examination without the authority. Bishop's friends made all the row possible, and much interest was excited by the fact that Bishop himself, having being a subject to cataleptic fits resembling death, had dreaded that he might be buried alive. Mrs. Bishop understood to prove that he was not buried in the time of Ferguson's dissection, and the evidence was sufficient to induce a grand jury to indict Ferguson and the surgeon at whose orders he had made the autopsy. Within a month after this occurrence, Ferguson repeated the offence, and was promptly arrested. Whether he will be punished remains to be seen, but his acts have at least led to a reformation in the matter of hasty dissection in the hospitals. His skill with the knife, however, has brought to him a tolerable income, and, while wielding it, he has assiduously studied medicine and surgery, with a view to going into a general practice. He affords an instance of a man self-made by his own energy and pluck.

Miss Armour has for several years spent considerable of her money in New York city. Her education in music and languages has been pursued there, and she has figured in one of the many rich and fashionable circles of society. She is good-looking, vivacious and amiable, something more than 20 years of age, and her friends say that she doesn't put on airs because her father is a millionaire many times over. She has attended services at Dr. John Hall's church in Fifth avenue, where Dr. Ferguson is an active member. He has the direction of one of the charities of this opulent congregation—that of providing medical attendance in connection with a mission chapel; and Miss Armour contributed money and time to this same particular good work. Thus the two persons were brought into familiar intercourse, which developed into a matrimonial engagement, the public announcement of which is here made for the first time. The wedding is set for next September.

What Mrs. Grundy Says.

That in many cases your "profound thinker" is very much muddled himself.

That sometimes the strongest man loses his head over the weakest kind of woman.

That it is a real pleasure to see a girl on the street who walks without swinging her arms.

That betting is one of the national sins, and has broke out in places where least expected.

That emulation has brought more people to grief than any other source of business disaster.

That the number of complete cranks met with everywhere nowadays is absolutely astonishing.

That six out of ten "society women" of to-day seem to have the wrong ideas as to married life.

That political prophets say five years from now there will be at least two more European republics.

That some young men's ambition is satisfied with a bob-tailed horse and yellow-wheeled waggon.

That the winter has almost passed without any book or novel good enough to be "talked about."

That "going out between the acts" at the theatre is confined to men of whom it is to be expected.

That he is never gallant or kind who criticises any amateur performance for the benefit of charity.

That women who regale you with their troubles with servants and other domestic affairs are fatiguing.

That where "attractive features" are necessary in church services there is something amiss with the people.

That it is interesting to read in the newspapers just how much money engaged people have.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Evening Things Up.

Hair restorer is soluble; cherry pectoral gummy. When these compounds are substituted each for the other there are likely to be some queer results. A well-known elderly lady residing up-town has been in the habit of using a hair restorer of a reddish color. It was kept in a closet near where her daughter had a bottle of cherry pectoral she was taking for a cold. By mistake one day the daughter took the hair restorer, and not only suffered great physical discomfort through her carelessness, but a scolding from her mother as well. Carelessness was pointed out to the daughter as something about like a crime. The daughter took the mental chastisement with the bodily pain and said nothing. The next day the mother thought it time to apply more restorer to her hair. She took what she supposed was her bottle, and before she was aware of it had her sparse locks matted together with cherry pectoral. She will either have to wait for the gummy substance to wear off or shave her head. The daughter, like a dutiful child, said nothing, but went to the attic and smiled.—*Albany Journal.*

That Imaginary Boundary

The boundary line between the United States and Canada is not "imaginary," as most people suppose. The fact is the line is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to Alaska by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and timber clearings. There are 385 of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the face of the Rocky Mountains. The British placed one post every two miles and the United States one between each British post. The posts are of cast-iron, and cast on their faces are the words, "Convention of London, October 20, 1818." Where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stones have been built projecting eight feet above high-water mark. In forests the line is defined by felling trees for a space a rod wide.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Salesman—This is exceptionally fine; all hand painted. Small sister, scornfully—That's nothing; so is the back of our house.

The Gananoque Council found fault with the Chief of Police of the town for, as they allege, not doing his duty. The chief was told to "hustle," and he hustled. Among the first of his victims were the mayor and deputy-reeve, who had violated a town by-law.

"Shut-the-door" signs are frayed at the edges.

Sothea—Do you think Miss R. would marry me if I should ask her? Van Riper—Well, she looks like a smart sort of a girl—still, she might.

THE PULPIT AND BUSINESS.

Doubtful Money-Raising Methods in Church and Shop.

KANT'S STANDARD OF MORALITY.

Duty of Criticism—Clean Methods Desirable—Lotteries and Games of Chance—Why Gambling is Wrong.

SECOND PAPER.

To recapitulate the conclusions of the preceding paper: There is a growing interest in questions of a sociological character, a marked evidence of which is the pulpit attention now being devoted to them. This is a hopeful sign, not only for the Church as an organization, but also for the weal of mankind, toward which it is eminently adapted to contribute. The Christian minister will receive a warm welcome into the ranks of the students of sociology, but the degree of usefulness or success to which he may attain there will be entirely dependent upon his application to the study of human progress and his ability to dissociate his mind from preconceived ideas and the dictates of authority, and to laboriously and carefully discover and define cause and effect, action and consequence, and their result on the status of mankind. Science recognizes no virtue in ordination; every worker is a philanthropist, and the rewards she offers come not by belief, but by work. She has no *sanctum sanctorum* from which critics are excluded and in which botch work is sheltered; and she recognizes no conclusion as entitled to immunity from the critical demand for proofs.

That religion must benefit from the elevation of society to a higher plane of morality is almost self-evident. Sociology concerns itself with true morality, and, while I may concede the distinction between the merely moral and the religious for which the pulpit so strenuously contends, I find it impossible to conceive of a true Christianity lacking in morality. True morality is, according to Kant, to "act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings." If the religion of the day could obtain for its adherents a due conformity to this rule there would be little left for the sociologist to accomplish.

But it has not so well succeeded. A short time ago a well-known minister departed so far from the use of "the dragnet of comfortable conformity" as to preach at specific, everyday business methods of doubtful morality. For his temerity in abandoning illustration by patriarchal lapses from virtue he was roundly berated and attained to more or less of a certain kind of notoriety. No r, it may be that his denunciation was too severe or his generalizations too comprehensive, but the incident leaves a doubt that while our bosoms glow with charity for the suffering martyrs of many centuries ago, and while we go out in spirit with David to whip Goliath, our tears for the suffering of to-day come none too readily and our resentment of present wrong-doing is none too keen. Moreover is it not too true that we can take far more satisfaction out of sealing David and other Biblical heroes of the dead past pilloried for their moral offences than in having our own imperfections displayed beside the strict rule of Truth and Justice?

But the minister was well within his duty in discussing the morals of his day, and if fault was properly to be found it could only be on the ground that he had not sufficiently verified his data to totally exclude error. What of a religious teacher who is dumb before dishonesty? of a religion that has not purity—personal and as a church—for its ideal?

Dishonesty in business unfortunately exists and is wide-spread and varied in its methods. Perhaps strict propriety has not always been regarded even in our "schemes" for obtaining church funds, not a few of which savor of gambling. The merchant who sells a worthless goods which he guarantees to "run, fade or crook," or which grievously disappoints the purchaser, ought not to have the cheek to grumble if a general condemnation of dishonesty includes his methods. The merchant may be deceived himself, of course, but he should then be careful of his personal appearance. Judged by Hume's standard of morality the man who, selling a property, conceals a defect and thus allows a purchaser to be deceived is as guilty as if he actually misrepresented his condition under a general statement. Is this too high a standard? And if it is, what degree of active or passive deceit may be tolerated? Has the pulpit always urged upon the pews this high ideal? It may be said that there are few men who would go out of their way to point out a defect in an article they have to sell; but is that not merely a confession of laxity in morals? Why could not business be done on such a principle? "Here is a piece of very fine china. Looks like Dresden ware, doesn't it? But it isn't. You would have bought it for Dresden? Yes. Well, I wouldn't take advantage of you. It is a beautiful piece and as serviceable as the best at a very cheap figure, but not Dresden, you know." Or, "Here is a very nice new print which was sold to us as a good washer. I think it will wash, but it is new and we have not tested it ourselves." I think a good deal of business is done on this or a kindred basis; why should it not all be so done? The pulpit ought to keep prominently before the pews the fact that the man who deals on the principle of getting all he can out of his fellows as long as he can keep out of the clutches of the law is very far from being a moral man—his actions are not the outcome of respect for moral obligations or his duty to his fellows, but fear of the law—and he may be a very bad man.

Gambling is a very common vice. It enters into many lines of business; it is the drawing card in many entertainments. It has not been condemned, absolutely, by the pulpit with any degree of unanimity; and it has been, and is even now, used to raise funds for the propogation of a gospel that contemplates a different system of ethics. Isn't it a rather humiliating thought that while it is by law a misdemeanor to organize or even advertise a lottery or drawing by chance, because it is demoralizing, the right to hold such drawings is specially reserved as a privilege of the Church and charitable institutions? If drawings and lotteries are evils from which the citizens of the State, as citizens, are to be guarded by statutory penalties against their promoters, where is the alembic that transmutes the evil into good for the furtherance of schemes of religion and philanthropy? Now, I do not share in the current prejudice against games of chance, as games of chance; but as the mediums for gambling, whether for a minstrel troupe or a foreign mission, they are only evil. As a church entertainment in a Canadian city not long ago a big pincushion well filled with pins was a centre of attraction. Ten cents paid for one guess at the number of pins and the nearest guesser got the pin-cushion. Another scheme was the "grab-bag," and there were many other "chance" schemes. Wherein was the moral difference between these schemes of making money (apart from the object) from the Louisiana and kindred lottery scemes? There is no more fundamental violation of sociological laws than the vice of gambling, whether for church or race track. In the normal condition receipt of benefit implies efforts put forth and a contribution of equal benefit to the other party, whereas in gambling there is not only a lack of effort but instead of an exchange of benefits the happiness of the winner means suffering to the loser. Of all the condemnation visited on gambling very little of it is on these lines; yet an examination will convince that this is the only true test of its good or evil. All the nonsense about the "sinfulness" of games into which chance enters may be briefly passed over here. The word "chance" has been to certain persons what the red cloak of the matadora is to the bull, and on the strength of a misunderstanding of that word Theology has sandbagged Science whenever opportunity offered. "Chance," as I have used it, and as it is known to science, may be thus defined by illustration. We see a piece of paper gyrating in a whirlwind and speak of it as occupying a given position, or describing a given course, by "chance." But that does not exclude cause. Indeed, the scientist will laugh at a suggestion of "uncaused" action, and he will tell you that were he in possession of a knowledge of the forces, and their direction, acting upon the piece of paper he could demonstrate that it could not but move as it did.

Yes, frauds in business are not confined to the great unpaved. Can the pulpit stimulate morality in its hearers? Doubt cannot be reckoned a Christian virtue. It exists and, passively and actively, widely prevades society. Is it too much to ask that gospel exponents set up before their hearers that standard of morality which abhors even passive deceit? Honesty may not be Christianity, but it is eminently a Christian virtue. If the money gained by doing a wrong to our fellows was red hot a good many pews would find require to be made of asbestos. But this question of individual and national honesty opens up too wide a field to be covered here. More anon.

MARCUTIO.

DESTITUTE DAKOTA.

A Warning to Canadian Settlers.

The following circular has been received with a request for its publication:

"The Governor of South Dakota accompanied a deputation from that State which visited St. Paul last Wednesday, for the purpose of securing aid for the destitute farmers of the State. The deputation met the St. Paul Joint Relief Committee, and among its speakers was Judge Holdridge, of Minor county, who said:

"Those who represented there was abundance in his section of the country were certainly egregiously mistaken. He had lived in Minor county nine years and knew every man in it, and spoke with perfect knowledge of the situation. The county commissioners had devoted nearly all of their time gratuitously to this matter. Statistics showed that last year wheat raised in that county averaged only one bushel to the acre, corn one bushel and flax one bushel. There were practically no oats at all, and potatoes averaged only ten bushels. Grass, which was depended on for fuel by many, was almost a total failure also. The people are poor.

It was owing to the contributions from the outside that the people lived through the winter, and in the teeth of all statements to the contrary he declared that if it had not been for the generosity of the outside people and the railroads, and if they had an ordinary cold winter, hundreds would have perished by hunger and cold. Not one farmer out of five has seed and they don't know where to get it."

Fecundity.

According to the naturalists a scorpion will produce 65 young, a common fly will lay 144 eggs, a leech 150 and a spider 170. A hydrachna produces 600 eggs and a frog 1,100. A female moth will produce 1,100 eggs and a tortoise 1,000. A gall insect has laid 50,000 eggs, a shrimp 6,000, and 10,000 have been found in the ovary of an ascaris One naturalist found over 12,000 eggs in a lobster and another over 21,000. An insect very similar to an ant (Mutilla) has produced 80,000 eggs in a single day, and Leuwenhoeck seems to computed 1,000,000 eggs as the crab's share. Many fishes produce an incredible number of eggs. More than 36,000 have been counted in a herring, 38,000 in a smelt, 1,000,000 in a sole, 1,130,000 in a roach, 3,000,000 in a sturgeon, 342,000 in a carp, 880,000 in a tench, 545,000 in a mackerel, 992,000 in a perch and 1,357,000 in a flounder. But of all the fishes ever yet discovered the cod seems to be the most prolific. One naturalist computes that this fish produces more than 3,686,000 eggs, and another as many as 9,444,000. A rough calculation has shown that were 1 per cent. of the eggs of the salmon to result in full-grown fish, and were they and their progeny to continue to increase in the same ratio, they would in about sixty years amount in bulk to many times the size of the earth. Nor is the salmon the most prolific of species. In a yellow perch weighing 3½ ounces have been counted 9,943 eggs, and in a smelt 10½ inches in length 35,141. An interesting experiment was made in Sweden in 1761 by Charles F. Lund. He obtained from 50 female breams 3,100,000 young, and from 100 female perch 3,215,000 young, and from 100 female mullets 4,000,000 young.—*Exchange.*

Ambidexterity.

The sword exercise in which the Roman soldier was practiced trained him to use the weapon as skilfully in the left hand as in the right, so that in case of injury to either arm he could still defend himself. The pains then taken to make an efficient soldier should now be taken to make of every youth an efficient workman. This can be done only by giving to the left hand equal ease and strength with the right. There are many kinds of work in which the laborer finds a decided advantage from an occasional shifting of hands. It rests him almost as much as it would to stop working. This is the case where the strain comes mostly on one hand, as is done in using the hoe. It is much the same with the use of the spade, the rake and the pitchfork, the axe, the saw and the hammer. Again, there are places where two can work together more comfortably and more effectively if one of them can use the implement left-handed. By left-handed saws in lumber and the putting the left hand forward upon the handle of the axe, the hoe, the shovel and so on. In felling a tree two choppers can work together if they stand on the same side of the tree. To stand together they must chop one left-handed, the other right-handed. Were they to stand on opposite sides of the tree it would be difficult to tell just where the tree would fall. So, too, in shovelling pile of dirt, two persons can work together until the last shovelful is taken up if they use the shovel in different hands; otherwise they cannot. This training belongs to the home. It is most successfully given in the early years of the child; but as each tool and implement is first put into the hands of a boy he should be carefully practiced in the different ways of handling it.—*Youth's Companion.*

News from Scotland.

The Earl of Aberdeen has consented to come forward as the Liberal candidate for the Rectorial Chair of Glasgow University in opposition to Mr. Balfour.

Provost Stevenson, of Haddington, died on the 13th instant, this being the 5th Scottish Provost who has departed this life during the last two or three months.

Major-General Alexander Mackenzie, C. B., who for eleven years prior to 1876 was commanding officer of the 78th Highlanders, died at Avoch, in the Highlands, on the 5th inst.

On the 11th instant Lord Provost Muir, Glasgow, gave a grand ball to inaugurate the new City Chambers. Every person of any note in the whole city and county attended. It was a great success.

The late Provost Beveridge, Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, has bequeathed the sum of £50,000 for the purchase of a park and library for the town, and £3,000 for various religious and benevolent purposes.

The Earl of Orkney was hunting on the 12th inst. with Lord Rothschild's stag-hounds in the Vale of Aylesbury, when his horse stumbled at a fence and his lordship sustained severe injury to one of his thighs and was severely hurt internally.

Mr. John Roxburgh, shipowner and insurance agent, Glasgow, who died recently, has bequeathed £10,000 for religious and charitable objects. £3,500 goes to the Free Church, £2,500 to Glasgow Infirmary, 54,000 to the London Missionary Society for African Missions, £1,000 to the Glasgow Sick Poor and Private Nursing Association, and £2,000 to other institutions to be selected by his trustees.

The Secret of Her Power.

Any one who has been at Drury Lane Theatre, in London, and seen a whole audience spring to their feet and join in singing "God Save the Queen!" as if they meant it, can understand what has made Great Britain the power she is in the world. The reason usually assigned for our backwardness in such matters of sentiment is that we are a "practical" people. We could lay a vastly stronger claim to the virtue of practicality if we made use of some of the best and most legitimate agencies for keeping the hearts of our people stirred with patriotic emotion, undeterred by the fear that we shall be considered sentimental.—*Kate Fields' Washington.*

An Alarming Discovery.

Gus—Why, Algy, what's the matter? Are you sick?

Algernon—No, my dash foilah, but I'm twightened about myself. A doctor told me yesterday that the air is pwessing on me with a pwessure of fifteen pounds to the inch. That's a tewwible thing, and I don't believe I can stand it much longer."

The Queen has appointed Sir Arthur Havelock, E. C. M. G., late Governor of Natal, to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Ceylon and its dependencies.

It goes without saying that sashes of Scotch tartan are to be very much the fashion.

"They can't do anything until I get there," as the condemned man said when on the way to his execution.

Chicago has 600 women's societies, including 50,000 women.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

SUPPLEMENTARY ESTIMATES.

Mr. Foster presented a message from the Governor-General transmitting the supplementary estimates for 1890.

The message was referred to the Committee of Supply.

THE BUDGET.

Mr. Foster said that in rising to present his second budget he felt he might fairly congratulate the House and country upon the satisfactory statement he had to lay before them. The condition of the country during the past year had been very satisfactory. The hopes which were expressed upon the last occasion of the presentation of the budget had not been disappointed. The general business of the country had been fairly satisfactory. Notwithstanding the deficiency in some crops, unseasonable weather, and the somewhat low prices which some staple articles had realized, the general trade of the country had kept up, and in some respects exceeded that of the previous year. The revenues had been very nearly fully realized. In Canada a year had been passed during which work was practically unknown; a year in which labor had been well employed and had found good remuneration; in which peace and order had prevailed within our borders. From this season of prosperity the five millions of this country looked for the advent of years equally prosperous and equally happy. I think I am warranted by facts in saying that for the year 1890-91 we shall have

Customs revenue	$22,500,000
Excise	7,000,000
Miscellaneous	3,700,000
Giving a total revenue of	$33,200,000

The estimates next year sum up $35,035,445. Estimating a probable increase of $654,555, there would be a probable expenditure of $35,700,000. Deducting this from the estimated revenue, there would be for 1890-91, if these forecasts were realized, $2,500,000. After an existence of 23 years as a Dominion, I think it is a matter for congratulation that such satisfactory results are shown as far as the finances of our country are concerned.

Mr. Foster read to the House the tariff resolution, a summary of which will be found in another column, and moved that it be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

TARIFF CHANGES.

Duties Changed.

Acid, acetic, sprovliqueous and vinegar, 15 cents per gallon, and for each degree of strength in excess of proof strength one cent additional (old duty 25 cents per gal, and 20 per cent.

Acid, acetic, spryvliqueous, of any strength, imported for dyeing or printing, 25 cents per gal. and 20 per cent.

Acid phosphates, 3 cents per pound.

Precious stones, polished but not set, 10 per cent.

Animals—cattle, sheep and hogs—$3 per cent. (old duty 20 per cent.)

Feathers of all kinds, 25 per cent.

Barrels containing petroleum 40 cents each.

Blacking, shoemakers' ink and dressing, 30 per cent.

Maps, 30 per cent., and newspapers or supplemental editions thereof, partly printed, 25 per cent.

Bank notes, bills of exchange, cheques, etc., printed or lithographed, 35 per cent. (old duty, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent.)

Fancy workboxes, writing desks, glove boxes, etc., 35 per cent. (old duty, 30 p.c.)

Wheat flour, 75 cents per barrel (old duty, 50 cents).

Horse clothing, 30 per cent.

Cocoa paste and chocolate, not sweetened, 1 cent per pound. Cocoa paste and chocolate containing sugar, 5 cents. Extract of coffee, 5 cents per pound.

Combs for dress and toilet, 35 per cent. (old duty 30 p.c.).

Elastic webbing, 25 per cent. (old duty 20 per cent.).

Elastic webbing, 30 per cent. (old duty 25 per cent.).

Copper in sheets or strips less than 4 inches wide, 30 per cent. (old duty 20 per cent.).

Cotton cordage and cotton braided cord, 30 per cent.

Cotton denims, drillings, bed tickings, ginghams, plaids, cotton warps, flannels, flannettes, tennis cloth, zephyrs, ducks and drills, dyed or colored cottonades, striped ticks, striped duck jeans, 9 cents per square yard and 15 per cent.

Cotton sewing thread, 12½ per cent.

Hammocks, 35 per cent. (old duty 25 per cent.).

Ostrich feathers, dressed, 35 per cent. (old duty 30 per cent.).

Apples, 50 cents per barrel (formerly free).

Blackberries, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries, 3 cents per pound. (Formerly free.)

Currants and currants 1 cent per quart. Cranberries, plums, quinces, 30 cents per bushel. Peaches, 1 cent per pound. (Formerly free.)

Gas meters, 35 per cent. (Old duty, 30 per cent.)

Crystal and decorated glass tableware, 30 per cent.

Glass carboys, bottles and decanters and demijohns, 30 per cent.

Lamps, glass and electric lights shades and chimneys, lanterns, etc., 30 per cent.

Common window glass, 30 per cent. (Old duty, 30 per cent.)

Ornamental colored glass, 35